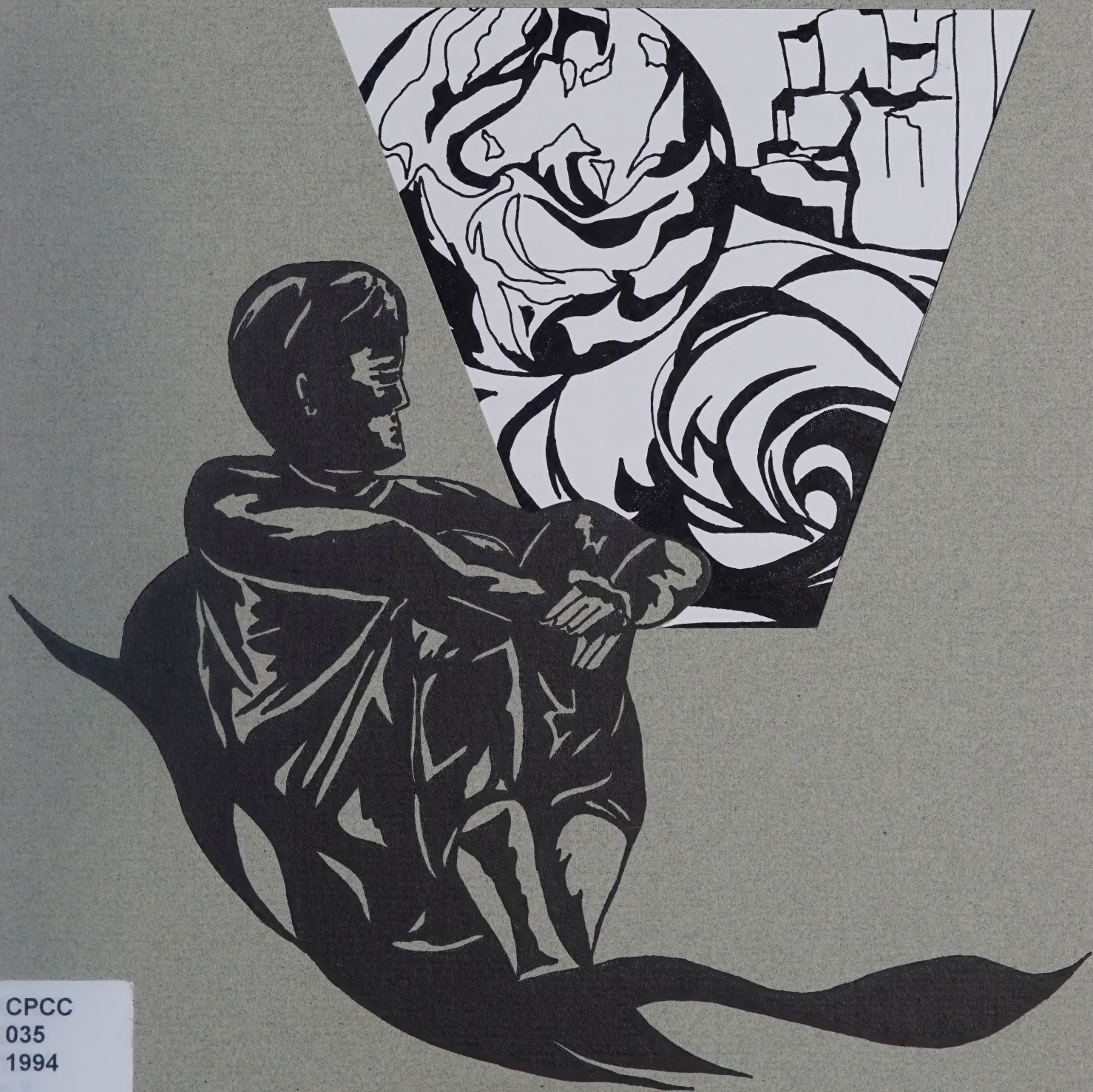


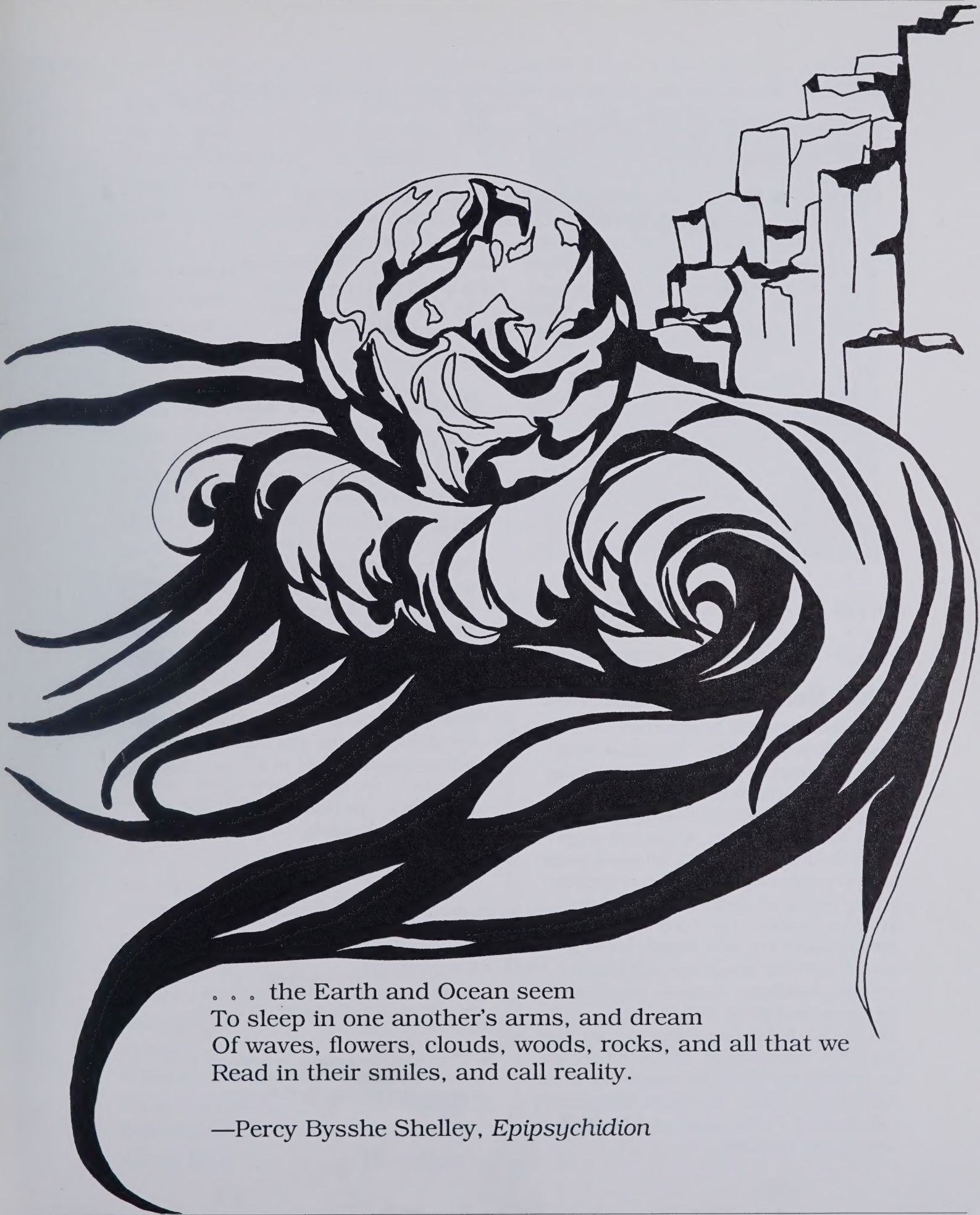
KEYSTONE



CPCC
035
1994

1994





. . . the Earth and Ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Epipsychidion*

Dear Reader,

We hope you enjoy **KEYSTONE '94**. It took a long time in coming, two years to be precise. **KEYSTONE '92** was a hard act to follow. The talent displayed on each page of this publication represents the stuff that makes CPCC what it is today. The keystone of Central Piedmont is the *individual*. Each individual has a voice. Each voice has a song. Each song should be heard. As you read this issue listen for the songs: laughter or lament, they are *you*.

THE EDITORS
KEYSTONE '94

COVER DESIGN: *Carol Ann Tretsky*

1995 SUBMISSION INFORMATION:

Submissions will be accepted in the Spring Quarter, 1995. You must have been a registered CPCC student during one of these quarters to be eligible: Fall 1994, or Winter or Spring 1995. All work must have been completed since first enrollment at CPCC. All work must be previously unpublished and writers/artists retain all rights to their work. Attach a typed 3" x 5" card to each entry that includes the title, writer/artist's name, address, telephone and social security numbers. Enclose two copies of all poetry and prose submissions. Entries are judged anonymously outside the CPCC community. Projected release for **KEYSTONE '95** is the beginning of the Fall quarter 1995. For more information call Student Publications at 342-6665 or visit Taylor Hall 205.

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Jobea Lindley, Mary Murchison and Tom Pfahlert for design and technical advice; Manuel Kennedy and Jill Cason for use of the photography studio and equipment; Kent Dixon, Irene Honeycutt, Evie Henderson and Tom Pfahlert and the English department and Visual Arts faculty for inspiring their students to submit entries for **KEYSTONE '94** and to John L. Ramsey Jr. and Belk Printing for their cooperation, advice and high standards of quality; Loretta Hinton, Mark Helms, Bridgette Billings and Fay Vogelbacher for smoothing the way through CPCC bureaucracy. Most of all, our sincere thanks to the students of CPCC, without whom this publication would not have been possible.

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I FALL TO THE WILL OF THE WILLOWITS

I grab at my earthbound walls
And grub and pull and shout
And lug and heave myself out,
For somewhere a willowit calls.

I lurch to the willowit's cloud;
I scan the willowit's realm
Through linger of lily and elm.
Oh! Here the willowit's loud!

So I breathe in the lighter-than-air
And lift on the lilt of my lungs,
I step on starspokes like rungs
And fling to the outermost stair

That rests on the flame of the sun.
The willowit nips at my heels,
Starspokes spin off like wheels.
The dare of the deed is undone.

I climb to the sun and its fire,
I snake to the pit of the heat,
To the flare of Lucifer's seat,
Helpmeet of sin and its sire.

I slither the ladder to flame,
I scale to the torching gate
And toss my skin to the fate
Of leecher and liar and blame,

When out of a scuttling cloud
A willowit screams in my ear
And others appear to appear,
A winging wild willowit crowd

That dives to the devil's dark stair
And lifts from the lick of the flame
This creature of noblesse and name
With cinders ensconced in her hair,

Then dips to the elm and the oak,
To the earth and the water and sand
And allows her to liltly land
In the lull of a lake. And soak.

Dede Wilson

POETRY



LIGHTNING RUNNER -Xiao Song He

ART

10993

If I fall weak from a fight against a Mason-Dixie deformity-
Bless my wounds with a kiss from your heart.

If I break through the ceiling glass wall of . . . , "grace the nigger with the ball,"
Bless my wounds with a kiss from your heart.

If I prosecute my aggressor for selling us first as the race to be last-
Bless my soul with a kiss from your heart.

As I take flight against a world designed to ignore my darkness-
Bless my soul with a kiss from your heart.

If I fall sick as one man can ever be-
Bless my soul with a kiss from your heart.

My love for freedom is my call from God-
I know I will stumble first, . . . but never shall I fall.
Blow after blow, after blow, . . . after blow-
I know I will bruise from black to blue, and from black to blue I know
I will bruise.

As God is my shield against the stones of bigotry-
I am blessed from a kiss on my heart.

For no other shall I be true-
If forever is how you can love someone like me-
As God is my witness, I will always love you.

Frank Williams



UNTITLED - *Lance Anderson*

LIFE IS A NIGHTMARE AND DREAMS ARE REALITY

The diagnosis came Tuesday. The symptoms had been around for years. The disease now had a name . . . Meniere's Disease. It has no known cause or no known cure. It does have consequences and inflict limitations, sometimes even deafness.

When the first dizzy spell struck, I thought, "How very strange." I didn't know it was to become so common and a way of life. Other symptoms soon appeared: loss of balance (or vertigo as my doctor called it), ringing in my ears (tinnitus, she said), and eyeballs that seem to play rollerball in their sockets. And if the duration was lengthy, nausea and green waves of sickness.

To be truthful, years ago, I had been to a doctor, a specialist at that. He said it was probably just a mild case of low blood sugar, not to worry, clean up my diet. And I had done just that. It didn't work.

Finally, after cocoons of abatement interspersed with wicked pockets of hell, I realized that there was something wrong. I wasn't hallucinating, hadn't ever taken LSD so I couldn't be having flashbacks. I searched my medical dictionary for clues. Could be a brain tumor, maybe multiple sclerosis, or perhaps Meniere's Disease. I had actually seen this condition described on those pages. And now my new doctor called its name, too.

There are drugs to help. The least expensive is a simple diuretic. Other things can be done, later, she said, if this doesn't work. The shrill piercing goes on and on and on and on. My head swims and I'm far from shore with no life preserver anywhere around. Oh, I hate that word. Around, around, around she goes; where she stops, nobody knows.

But in my dreams, I can still hear. In my dreams the sounds are rich and vibrant. They resonate through my head bones. The notes merge with sharp, well-defined images. It's as though I'm wearing surround-sound hearing aids and Hubble telescope glasses, corrected of course. I pray. I cry. I wait for dreams.

Linda D. Cook

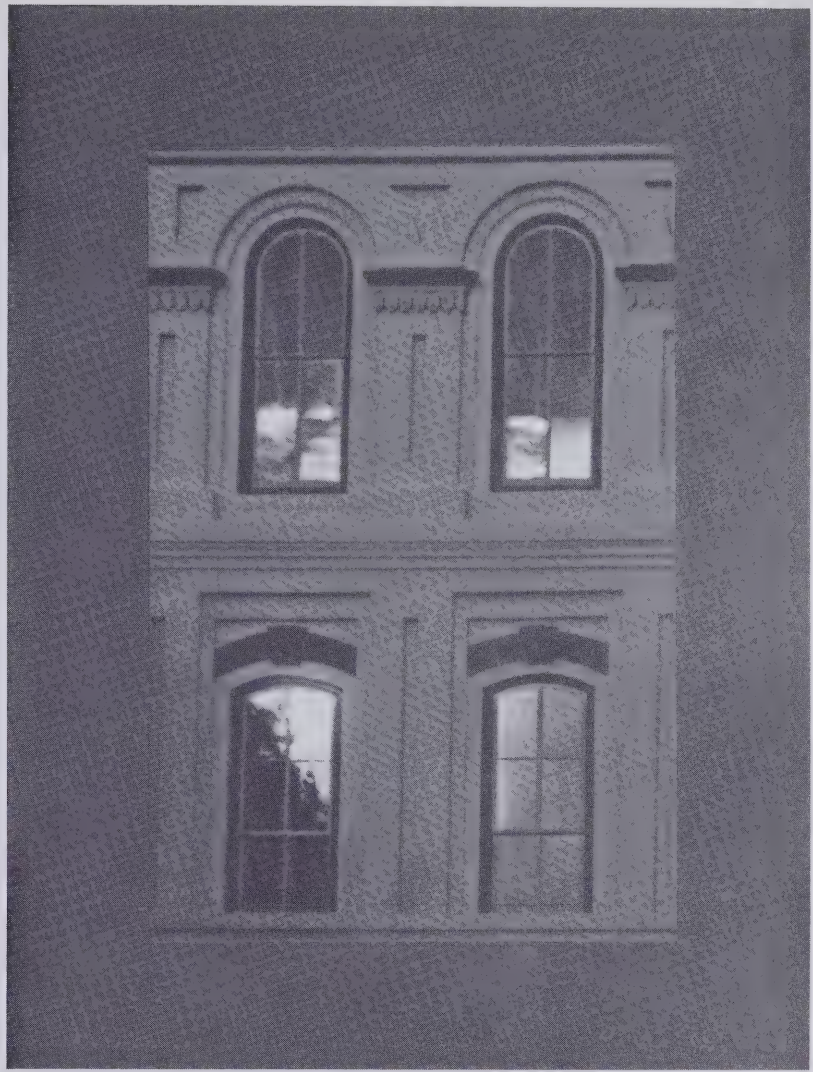
PROSE

MAYBE

maybe
 it's too big a word
 i get lost between
 the letters i write
 you never answer
 with other than the
 ever expanding
 maybe

Will Wharton

POETRY



EVENING CLOUDS -Ashlyn Beck

PHOTOGRAPHY

*"Poetry is the rhythmical creation
 of beauty in words."*

-Edgar Allan Poe

NIGHT

Night, a sultry siren,
 slinks across the sky,
 drops her red and orange petticoats,
 drapes a sensuous body
 against the purple hills.

Joan Hunt

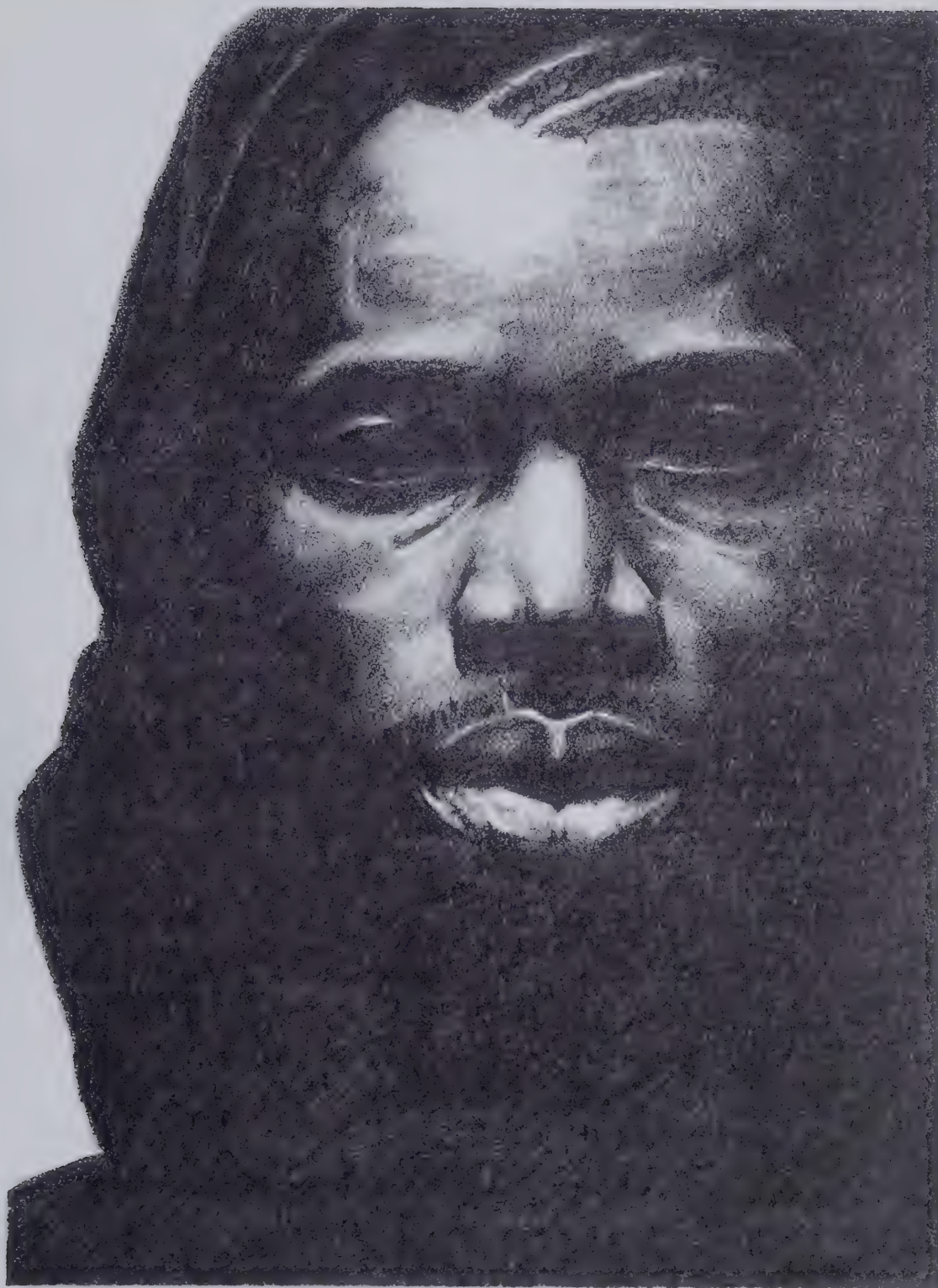
BREAKERS

You begged us not to bury you,
just fire, salt-glaze,
and fling your grains into the wind,
the sea you said,
salt-seed to salt,
where you could suck each swollen tide
and rest in cradled swells, but we refused

and hid you whole. I bring you
sand. I soak your grave
in sea-foam, stand before
your stony face
with need that would unearth you,
await your silent glare, the guilt
converging in my eye

the way the sun
wrapped in the breakers
folds under and drowns.

Dede Wilson



UNTITLED - *Anthony Black*

ART



KIDS & TV - JUST WATCH IT -Ari Lehtela

"Only through art can we emerge from ourselves and know what another person sees."

-Marcel Proust

FRUSTRATION

It's that ball, knotted,
that turns your stomach.
The world feels strange
as if I need to shake it out.
Like picking up my Blanket
after that beautiful day
spent lying under the sun,
yet over the world.
My Blanket.
Luckily,
things cling.
Sometimes if you shake too hard
the one thing you want to hold
gets thrown.

Scott Garmon



MAN AND MASK -Paul Sakala

TWILIGHT TIME



reak, creak, the monotonous sound of the old rocker as it rolls back and forth on the rotting floorboards of the porch breaking the silence of the mid-day heat. A fly buzzes lazily around the slumped gray head. She raises a withered hand and absent-mindedly swats the air, never connecting with the insect. Slowly the hand is brought near eyes that long ago were bright, clear blue and could see so much. They are now clouded and dull. It takes great effort to examine the gnarled and swollen knuckles, painful in the summer weather. What once were so lively now useless as the rusted old truck behind the house.

Oh, yes, the old truck. She remembers with such clarity the day her husband brought it home and bellowed to her with pride in his voice.

"Martha, Martha! Come here, woman and see what I bought you."

In the kitchen she dried her hands and turned off the flame on the old stove, so their supper wouldn't burn. Martha ran out the screen door letting it slam and bounce behind her until it rested against the freshly painted door frame. Looking out at Jack's smiling face, she stopped dead in her tracks when she saw his "gift" for her.

"Well, woman, what do you think? Ain't she a beauty?" Jack prompted.

Now Martha knew that Jack really thought in his heart of hearts that he had gotten the truck to please her. He rationalized every purchase he made this way. It wasn't that he never gave her a romantic gift to show his feelings, it was that he never pondered a buy without thinking, "How would Martha like this?" She knew the truck would be a tremendous help with the farm work and errands into town. Martha also saw the delight in his eyes as his gaze shifted from her to the truck.

Ah, the truck, it was a piece of work even then. Its red paint was peeling in spots, curling like the wood shavings left on the porch from Jack's whittling. The rear window boasted a crack that went from the upper left corner to the bottom right which was caused by some unknown source but there for posterity. Oh, yes, and the front bumper was tied on with a fraying piece of jute rope barely securing it to the car. All this didn't matter because she could see in Jack's eyes it was a chariot, shining bright, the answer to their prayers. She went to him and embraced him tightly.

"Thank you Jack, it sure is a beauty. Just the thing we needed. However did you find it?"

"Well, Sweetie, never you mind. Let's just say I made a sweet deal with a farmer over in Easton and it's ours lock, stock and barrel."

Jack helped Martha into the passenger seat and took her for a spin. The truck sputtered and spewed blue-black smoke into the already heavy, acrid summer air. This was lost on the passengers of the truck who reveled in their new mode of transportation as they took off on a twilight drive.

A searing pain moves up through her bird-like right leg bringing her back to reality. "Damn arthritis," she thinks. Hands are no good, legs are no good either except for hobbling around. She remembers dancing with all the boys and running down the lane after their pups. Now her body betrays her at every turn, each day creating a new ache, each task another reason for it to refuse to function.

She looks down at her once dainty feet now swollen from the moisture in the damp weighted air. Squinting at them, she can blur the truth of reality and fantasize on the dancing toes of yesterday. Every evening after the dishes were done and put away, Jack and Martha would roll up the braided rug in the great room and turn on the radio. To the strains of Les Brown, Benny Goodman and later a young crooner named Frank Sinatra, they would dance. They would swirl round the rough worn room oblivious to their surroundings. Gliding effortlessly across the permanently scuffed floor, they would finally collapse against each other exhausted on the couch.

She smiles as she remembers the old days and the adolescence of their marriage. How devoted they had been. Martha recalls how their devotion remained steadfast and unwavering even through the disease which wracked his once vital form, reducing him to skeletal proportions before snuffing out his light. When he was gone, a gaping hole remained in her life, in her soul.

She spends her days now rocking alone on her disintegrating porch. A neighbor looks in on her daily to bring her meals and anything else she needs. She can never bring the one thing, the only thing Martha really needs and wants. That is one thing no one can ever bring.

As she sits in her perpetual motion, her breath becomes labored due to the heat soaked atmosphere. In the twilight she senses a presence and feels a hand caress her cheek. She turns her head towards the touch but realizes it is only a single warm breeze which is unusual for the hot day. She looks down at her lap once again concentrating on her rhythm, creak, creak. Her heart is laden with the pressure of her solitude. Again she feels, senses a presence and then a slight weight on her shoulder. This time she will not be fooled, but then a gentle voice whispers in her ear.

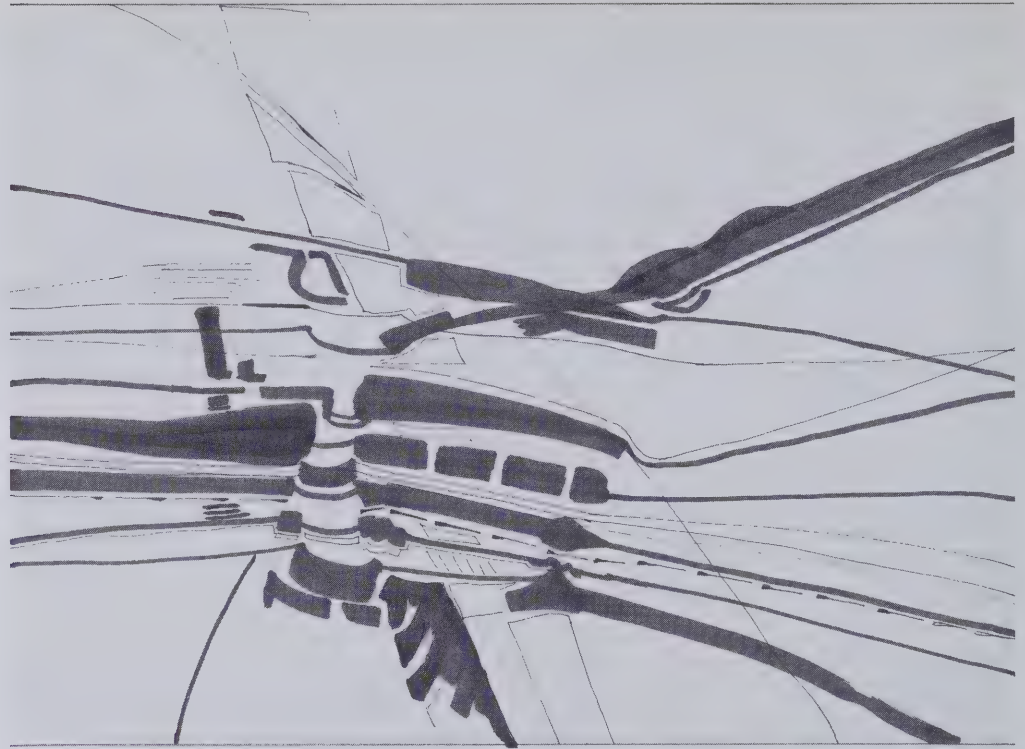
"Martha sweetie, come dance with me."

She turns her head and a gasp escapes her lips. It is Jack, the vital Jack not the one of his last year but the Jack of their courtship years. Martha places a withered hand in his outstretched one, embarrassed by her ugliness next to his youthful beauty. She asks no questions, wants no answers, just to live in the moment and will it to never end. They twirl round the rickety floorboards of the ragged porch, music magically wafting through the summer air. When their dance is over, he reaches for her hand clasping fragility in his strength. As they walk toward the porch steps, he helps her slowly down each, helping her through the ordeal.

Martha gazes up at him, her heart full once more. The aches of her aged body soon forgotten. She looks down at her feet for a fleeting second then looks again, amazed at what she sees. The swollen ones are gone, replaced once more with dainty feet clad in dancing slippers. Hands once gnarled and arthritic have become soft and supple in their youthful appearance. The pains have totally dissipated and her step has become lively once more. She soon matches him step for step going down the long country road, going home with him.

Carol Ann Tretsky

PROSE



PROPELLED -Linda D. Cook



SHADOWS OF STEWART -Charity Morrison

PHOTOGRAPHY

SOUNION

SECOND PLACE

In the hot sun you climb
the rocky way up to this high bluff
overlooking the vast sea,
where these columns
rise majestic, stark against the blue.
Too huge for men, gods have placed them here.
Poseidon's temple, where sailors
offered sacrifice,
still guards his realm.
You feel the power of his presence,
see him racing in his chariot,
churning the depths,
or calming them,
golden trident held on high.

Today, swallows swoop and soar,
riding the steady breeze.
White sails glide the Aegean blue,
or anchor in the bay below.

Mary Wilmer

POETRY

*it is not for me, it seems,
to touch the sky
with my two arms
-Sappho*

downbeat fetish

it's blue
an Aryan eye
 you
open and close
tunic
and shuck
blinking fleshie
tongues of
full shuttered
theyes
 into and
out of the
 blue

your hands
fast
and fingers
faster and white
 like
blurry doves
 or clouds
beside a sky
as shivers
reach my skin
 in
a gravity-chill
 as braille

i
 can barely see
behind
 your
skeyes
but it's the
blue
 dress that
blinds
 me

Troy Davis



FRENETICA -Carol Ann Tretsky

RELIEF FROM O'KEEFE

Red, deep, orange, hot
Flaming petals envelope
Image consumes canvas,
Canvas consumes all.
You enter timidly, a novice to its pull.
The roller coaster sweep of petals,
Takes you on a ride
Draws you down and over
Each curve hypnotic,
The colors tart to flame.
Spiraling you into its vortex
Through the black hole
The ever seeing eye.
Ever watchful of the critic
A witness to effect.
And just as you begin to feel lost,
It spills you out, breathless
Ready to start the ride again
To glide the next swirling bloom
To feel the red heat once more
Her passion spent with each stroke
To renew itself as yet again
You are sucked in
To feel the fevered hues intense upon your skin
Into another orb you peer
And for a fleeting second
See yourself reflected
But then nothing.
Slowly you pull yourself
Back to reality out of the canvas
Shake yourself, wipe the sweat
Retreat and look once more
Try to regard objectively and hold yourself in check.
This time you see the whole.
Careful not to be pulled in.
You appraise the piece.
The line, the color, the overall composition
No longer a part, but a student of art once more.

Carol Ann Tretsky



AM-R-RYL-IS FOR FORGETTING YOUR BIRTHDAY -Linda D. Cook

PHOTOGRAPHY

IDHRA

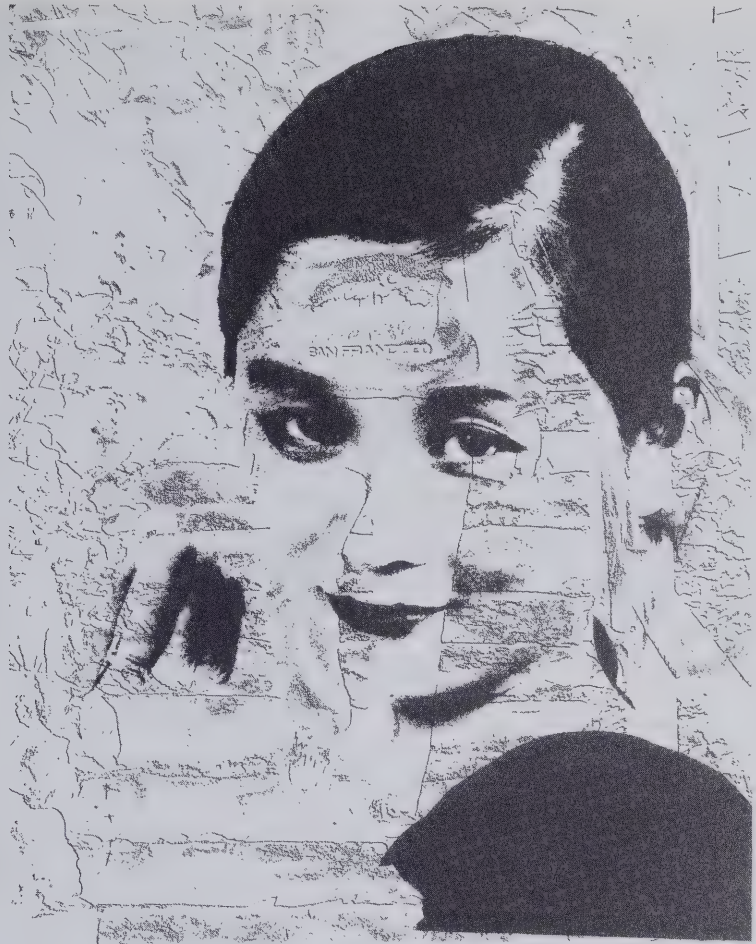
A cock crows.
 I wake early to donkeys' hooves
 on cobblestones.
 Outside my hotel window,
 tall masts grace the harbor,
 accent the cobalt bay.
 The church steeple and clock tower
 pierce the cloudless sky
 above the square.
 The clock bongs seven. Church bells clang.
 Pastel houses reflect the morning sun,
 perch on steep hills
 around the bay, nestled in
 like buttermints in a box.

The donkeys pass,
 climb the steep street
 between crowding houses,
 loaded with sacks of meal, concrete,
 huge baskets filled with fruit or fabric.

Next, a train of donkeys
 marches in single file behind their driver
 as he calls "Gee, Gee,"
 each bound to the one in front
 with a thin piece of rope.
 On their backs on either side
 rest little goats, like trusting children,
 their front feet dangling
 over the edges of the sacks,
 heads bobbing to the donkeys' gait.

Mary Wilmer

POETRY



JUNGLE

Me chameleon
 always everchanging
 Me chameleon
 adjusting, rearranging
 Never knowing what i seem to be
 Never knowing which one is me
 Me so quiet
 Me so wild
 Me so fun
 Me so mild
 Me so smart
 Me so dumb
 Me chameleon in the sun
 Me like books
 Me like songs
 Me so right
 Me so wrong
 Me chameleon in the sun
 Me chameleon
 Me no one

N. Nichele Fruge

PIECE OF MIND -Xiao Song He

PHOTOGRAPHY

"Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting that speaks."

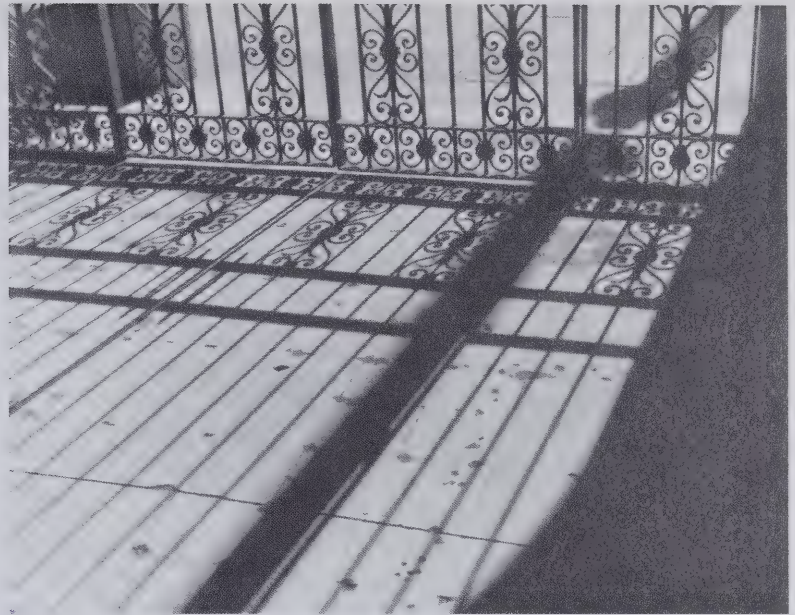
-Simonides, 6th-5th
century B.C.



WE ARE PROUD -Frank Williams



SCREENED PORCH -Joan Thomson



SHADOWS -*Kaye Boyd*

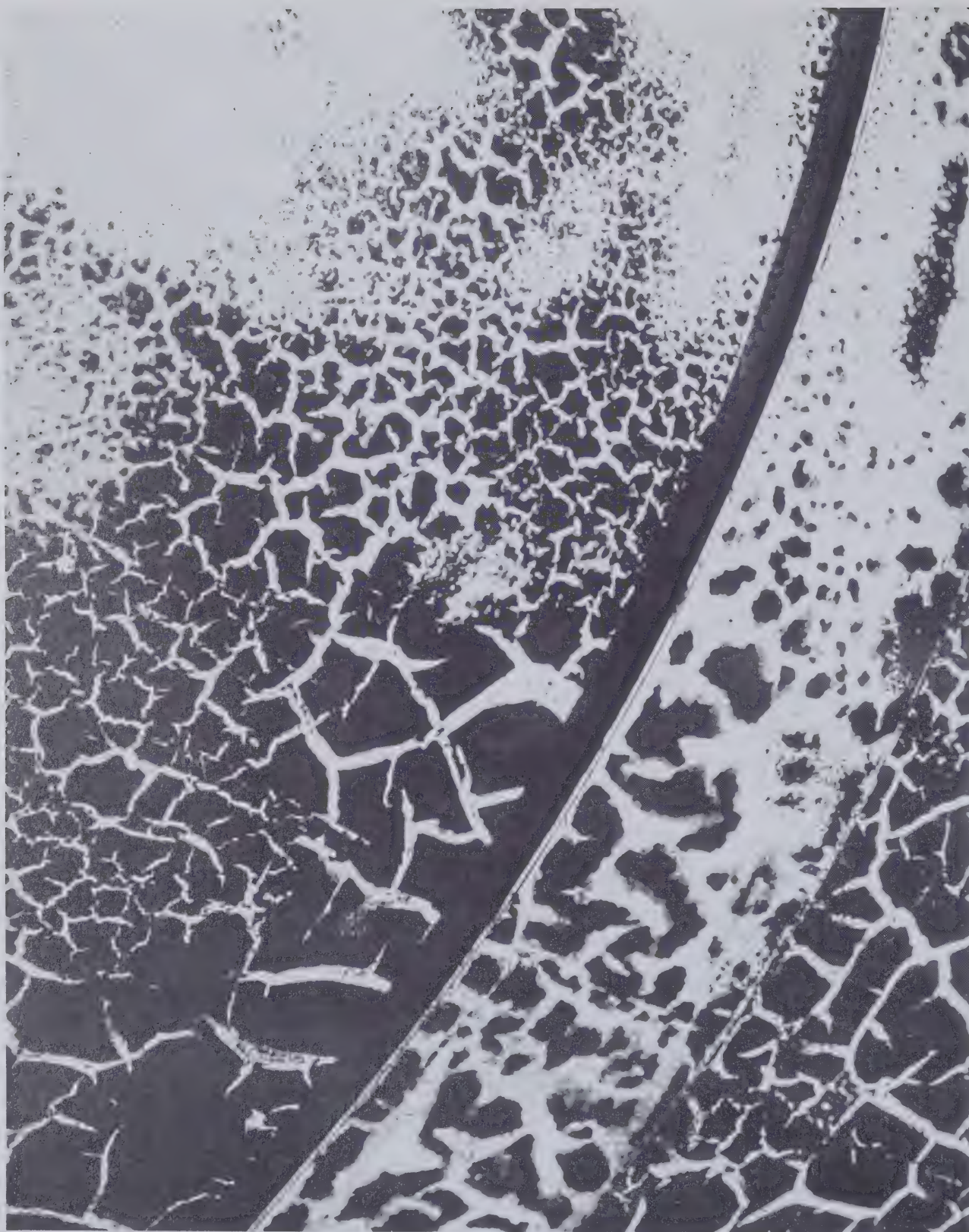
SAN CLEMENTE SUNSET

As twilight takes over the world
humans joined at the heads
take a break from the machine.
The sturdy wooden pier pointing
toward the setting sun defies the
power of rolling swells while
Wet-suited surfers bob
among kelp
anticipating the last wave
of another lost weekend.
Strangers stand silent as the
sun touches water, accelerating,
on its way to Tokyo.

Ed McDonald

*"A poem begins in delight
and ends in wisdom."*

-Robert Frost



A NEW SKIN -Carol Ann Tretsky

PHOTOGRAPHY

BLUES JAM AT JAZZCHARLOTTE

The stooping toothless bluesman
has to be helped on stage. He takes
carefully measured baby steps
clutching his harp,
shaking hands holding onto life.

His shiny smoky eyes go far away,
he listens from a distance
when his peers play. A childlike
open smile and lightly
tapping toe hint at memories.

When he blows his harp
his life
rolls out. A dirt-floored juke joint
with wooden tables attended
by broken chairs, corn-whiskey-filled
mason jars, hand-rolled cigarettes,
t-shirts with pockets, wild laughter,
stomping feet, swamp aged air heated
by the Dark Man and sweat.

In the center of the rabble
dances a young man
blowing his future through his hands.

Ed McDonald



MILES DAVIS -*Anthony Black*

COMMUNITY COLLEGE

The girl is juggling sticks
of unplanned wood, rough

bark clacking, clacking.
When one drops, she bends

over; her hair, as full
as a bush or a bird's nest,

stays in place. Leaves
of moldy lemon, tattered

lime, fall, rest
on her hair like lichens.

The boy, watching,
straddles a wrought iron rail,

his rump folding over
(I am behind him)

the shine on his corduroy
jeans, the rich

plumleaf of Fall. His hair
is dark, so closely cut

it mimics the corduroy
furrows. Around the quad

the lawn,
the sharp winter rye,

is shaved to a shining nap.
The sun shifts in the leaves,

brittle and cold.
Someone speaks

and a voice is bright
in the sweated air.

Dede Wilson



PIANO HAND -Ashlyn Beck

"Art is the communion of worlds."

-M.C. Richards

CONTRIBUTORS



Lance Anderson is an advertising/design student who plans to graduate in the fall of 1995. He enjoys the photographic arts, metal working, rock climbing and hiking.



Ashlyn Beck is an advertising/design student who enjoys taking photographs, working free-lance jobs and art in general. She will graduate in the spring of 1995.

Anthony Black is a transfer student with post-graduation plans to paint and instruct. He enjoys jazz, reading and art. (no photo available)



Kaye Boyd was born in Delaware and has been a resident of Charlotte for five years. She is taking photography classes at CPCC.



Linda D. Cook is an advertising/design student who plans to continue her education at Winthrop University. She is an outreach teacher at the Community School of the Arts and president of The Charlotte Art League.



Troy Davis is enrolled in the liberal arts program. His interests are downbeat fetishizing, formulating the similarities between quantum physics and esoteric linguistic theory, denials of death and hip hop music.



N. Nichele Fruge is in the sign language program. After graduation, she wants to find work as an interpreter in a church. Her interests include writing short stories and poetry and traveling.



Scott Garmon is a transfer student who plans to graduate in 1995. His interests are mountain biking, camping, writing and music.



Xiao Song He is in the advertising/design program and plans to graduate at the end of the fall 1994 term. She wants to be a free-lance photographer and get a job as a graphic designer.



Joan Hunt is pursuing a career as a writer and is enrolled in specialized studies in English. Her interests include oil painting, writing, furniture refinishing, gardening, travel, physical fitness and hiking.



Ari Lehtela is an advertising/design student with plans to graduate in the summer quarter of 1995. His interests include music, woodworking and illustration.



Sandra P. Lett is a commercial art student. She enjoys the fine arts, home decor and her children.



Ed McDonald has transferred to UNC-Charlotte. He is a former member of the Student Literary Club and staff writer and photographer for *The Spark*. He is a part-time librarian.



Charity Morrison is the photography editor for *Keystone '94* and *The Spark*. She is a college transfer student planning on completing her degree at UNC-Chapel Hill. Her interests include sewing, photography, dancing and Harleys.



Paul A. Sakala is in the advertising/design program and plans to graduate in May of 1995. He wants to work as a free-lance artist and illustrator.



Melanie Scribner is the literary editor of *Keystone '94* and the editor for *The Spark*. She plans to transfer to UNC-Charlotte as an English major. Her interests include family outings and the written word.



Joan Thomson is a transfer student with plans to continue producing fine art in oils, watercolor and silk. She enjoys gardening, writing and international studies.



Carol Ann Tretsky is the design editor of *Keystone '94*. A recently graduated advertising/design student, she teaches art at an area nursing home and spends her free time with her son Cory actively researching her soon to be completed children's books.



Will Wharton is not enrolled in a degree program. He would most like to be a kindergartner.



Frank Williams is a student in the graphics printing management program. He enjoys art, sports, classical music and literature, especially African-American literature.



Mary Wilmer, a CPCC graduate, continues to attend classes because she feels they are stimulating and exciting. She's interested in writing poetry, gardening, reading, swimming and hiking.



Dede Wilson is a resident of Charlotte and enjoys taking classes at CPCC. She has a journalism degree from Louisiana State University.



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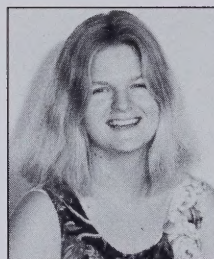
KEYSTONE STAFF



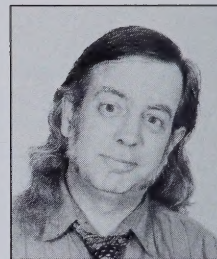
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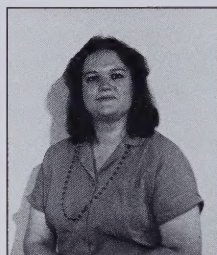


Gary Weiss
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LITERARY STAFF



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Not shown: Derrick Hargrave and
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Not shown: Mike Fulton

JUDGES

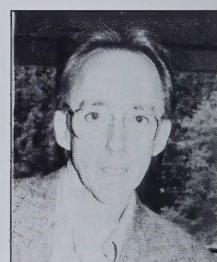
PROSE



Ruth Moose has published two short story collections, *The Wreath Ribbon Quilt* and *Dreaming In Color*. She has published individual stories in *Atlantic Monthly*, *Redbook*, *McCall's*, *Ladies's Home Journal*, *Ohio Review*, *South Carolina Review* and other publications. Moose has received three PEN Awards for Syndicated Fiction as well as a North Carolina Writers Fellowship. Her work is used in Southern Studies at the University of Denmark. Most recently she received a MacDowell Fellowship.

ART

J. David Stokes is an associate professor of art and design at Winthrop University, where he teaches graphic design. He has also taught at Dartmouth College and at Smith College. His works are in collections at the Brooklyn (New York) Museum, the Dayton (Ohio) Museum and DeCordova Museum in Boston. Stokes has worked as a graphic designer for several companies including Steve Galit & Associates. In 1986 Stokes started Lotus Studio; his clients include many prominent area businesses.



POETRY



Naomi Myles, a native New Yorker, has lived in Charlotte since 1956. A graduate of Goddard College in Vermont, she's been a journalist and free-lance writer. Her work has appeared in *The Nation*, *The Charlotte Observer*, *Charlotte Magazine*, *Arts Journal*, *Pembroke Magazine*, *Stone Country*, *The Charlotte Poetry Review* and other publications. Myles' chapbook *Painting Trees* won the 1994 *Charlotte Poetry Review/Sandstone Publishing's Emerging Poets Chapbook Contest*.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Martha A. Strawn is a professor of art at UNC-Charlotte. She has been a Fulbright Scholar and an NEA grant recipient and was a founder of The Light Factory. Strawn is currently involved in two projects: one is on women's threshold drawings in India; the second is an interdisciplinary collaboration between herself, an anthropologist, an economist and a storyteller which involves wetlands and alligators. She was also one of three UNCC Woman-of-the-Year recipients in 1993.



